## NOTES FROM LONDON.

INTERNATIONAL PERSONALITIES - LORD

WOLMER'S MARRIAGE-MISCELLANEOUS. [PROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, November 1.

A measure of the English interest taken in Mr. Irving may be found in the length of the telegrams describing his first and second appearances in New-York. The Daily News and Standard have about a column and a half each; the other papers full accounts, though shorter. The scenes at the theatre, the composition of the audiences, their enthusiasm, the different points applauded, are all given. The criticisms of the leading New-York papers are quoted. Mr. William Winter is described in The Daily News's telegram as probably the best authority in America, and long extracts from his articles in THE TRIBUNE are telegraphed. Nay, the substance [of what Mr. Irving himself thought of the matter, and of what he said to a reporter of The Herald, is given, just as his speech at the Lotos Club dinner, and part of Mr. Reid's speech, had been telegraphed before. And on all this there is abundant editorial comment; in The Times, judicious; in The Daily News somewhat over-emphatic. There are, in fact, two names of distinction which this last paper seldom mentions without adulation of a somewhat gross kind; Mr. Irving's and Sir Charles Dilke's, The Times to a certain extent anticipates your comment on the fear felt by some New-York journals of echoing English praise, saying: "In Mr. Irving's case, as in that of other Englishmen of mark who have lately visited their country, the American people have shown their readiness to recognize talent without regard to narrow national distinctions, and to show their sense of the unity in which the two countries tend to live, so far as literature and art are concerned." If any New-York critic betrays, as you intimate, a fear of manifesting a provincial enthusiasm and a subservience to London, the fear and not the enthusiasm proves him provincial.

Mr. Irving seems not to have anticipated all the attention thus shown him. He took care, at any rate, that London should know authoritatively what New-York thought, for he himself, or his manager, telegraphed over here and published in the advertising columns of the London papers the comments of the New-York papers. The difference between the passages advertised and the special dispatches here published as news, shows that the former came from a different source.

Miss Ellen Terry, I should add, gets her full share of attention on the second day, and apparently more of unmixed admiration than Mr. Irving. None of Mr. Irving's friends here take it ill that he should be criticised; they are not absurd enough for that. If his elocution had passed muster with you, we should have heard more about American accent than ever. Which reminds me to ask, what sort of accent Miss Mary Auderson's is considered in America to be? Not, surely, an American accent in the common acceptation of that term. Is it Californian? I ask because I am asked here, and am at a loss for an answer. The only thing I can say is that there is in it a curious reminiscence of the accent of Mme. Helena Modjeska; as there is in some of Miss Anderson's gestures a reminiscence of Mme. Modjeska's ges

Mr Matthew Arnold and his first lecture are also described; less fully, however, than Mr Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, for in these days no attraction seems likely to compete successfully with the attraction of the theatre. The Times's dispatch is much the most copious of all. All of them agree in saying that the hall was crowded the the reception of the lecturer enthusiastic, but that he was heard with difficulty. The fact that he was reported in THE TRIBUNE is mentioned in two papers.

The marriage of Lord Wolmer to Lady Mand Cecil is a very considerable social event, and some effort is made to give it a political importance which it has not. Lord Wolmer is the eldest son of the Lord Chancellor, who is possibly better known in America by his permanent title, the Earl of Selborne. Lady Mand Cecil is the daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury by his first wife, who was Miss Alderson. Lord Selborne is a Liberal, as good a Liberal as is possible for any man to be who is Churchman first and Liberal afterward. Lord Salisbury is known to all the world as leader of the Conservative majority in the House of Lords, whenever it chooses to follow

Time was, no doubt, when a union between two houses so eminent and presumably so hostile would have meant something more than a matrimonial alliance; would have been impossible unless a had meant more. But it argues a curious want of acquaintance with the actual social and political condition of England to suppose that marriages of this ow either uncommon or have any hidden meaning or purpose. You have on your side of the Atlantic at this moment a brilliant example of the indifference to politics which is the note of English society in such matters. The wife of the Liberal Governor-General of Canada is a daughter of the Conservative Duke of Abercorn. Nobody thought that an extraordinary union. Nor is this. There are people so acute as to find an explanation of it in the ecclesiastical sympathies of the Cecils and the Palmers. With every respect for their ingenuity, the theory is pure nonsense. The one sole and sufficient explanation of the marriage between Lord Wolmer and Lady Maud Cecil is that it was a love match.

Mr. Gladstone's presence at the ceremony, and still more his presence as Lord Salisbury's guest at the wedding-breakfast in Arlington-st., would be enough to lay these foolish rumors at rest. Nobody in his senses believes that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are going to lie down together, or that any possible political combination for any con ceivable purpose would be broad enough to include the two. Many other great personages, from the Queen downward, showed their interest in the young couple, and in the ceremony which united them. The list of persons of rank and station who were present at the wedding, or who sent gifts to bride or bridegroom, is a long one, though no longer than is seen often enough on such occasions. If you are curious to know how it is possible for the most verbose of journals to spin a column of comment on the marriage of these two young people, it may help you to read such a sentence as this:

Familiarity with the frequently recurring cere-mony cannot impart triteness to the reflection that marriage is a great and solemn change, perhaps the commencement of a new and better life for both parties to the contract, perhaps but the first chapter in a history of sorrow.

It ought not to be difficult to compute the price of

that by the yard. I hope it may be permissible to relate an anecdote which will show how little store the present Lady Salisbury sets by political hostilities. The scene of it is a well-known house in London; the time, last season; the occasion, a private concert. The hostess of the evening had taken a little pains to place on opposite sides of the aisle which divided her rows of chairs people whose sympathies with each other were not thought to be close. Lady Salisbury arrived late, and was led down the aisle by her host, who politely indicated to her ladyship a seat on the left. Lady Salisbury's quick eye took in the situ-Stion at a glance. "Thank you," she said. "I prefer sitting among my enemies"; and down she sat next the Prime Minister.

Mr. Burnand, not content with travestying Shakespeare for the amusement of the Gaiety mashers, has been attempting, through the medium of the comic paper he edits, to strike Rabelais off the list of authors whom it is permissible to read, even in fexpurgated form. Upon this The Saturday Review attacked Mr. Burnand, who evaded all reply in Punch, where he begun the discussion. However, in an evil moment, Mr. Stead tempted him to give more account of his views in one of those signed articles which are becoming a feature in The Pall Mall Gazette. A letter in a subsequent issue of that print may make Mr. Burnand regret that he entered upon the discussion of an author whom he knows little about. It is a perfectly civil exposure of Mr. Burnand's ignorance; an exposure which would be damaging if anybooy thought of taking Mr. Burnand seriously, or could imagine him without his cap and bells. The point this writer omits is the obviously Roman Catholic origin of Mr. Burnand's vague dislike to Rabelais. To the general com plaint which our new champion of decency ad-Vances, that Rabelais is coarse. his opponent, after a of a character which is, to say the least, as unreal

brief account of the great Frenchman's real place in literature, replies: "There are people who can travel through the Alps and come home talking of nothing but the dirty villages and the fleas."

The engagement of Miss Finney-Fortescue is silver mine to the photographers. You may see photographs of this young lady in a dozen windows, nd many of them are lbaelled, "out of publication"; and an extra price is put on accordingly. In one window may be read this notice: "We are now selling the last copies of this photograph of Miss Fortescue, and no more will be issued, as she is engaged to Lord Garmoyle, son of Earl Cairns." And elsewhere you may read that Lord Cairns is spending his leisure and some part of his fortune in buying up and suppressing the too numerous likenesses of his future daughter-in-law.

Miss Hogarth has made no reply to the critic who pointed out in The Times, in answer to her protest against the publication of the new Dickens letters, hat she herself appeared to have been a party to the preparation of the correspondence for print. Nor have I seen any further reference to the subject elsewhere. Unless the serious weeklies take it up the incident may be considered closed.

Mr. Henry Blackburn sails for New-York November 3 in the Arizona on a short lecturing tour in America, beginning in Boston about November 15. His subject is Art, and among other branches, "The Graphic Arts"; after Mr. Seymour Haden but from a rather different point of view, 'Mr. Blackburn taking it up, so to speak, where Mr. Seymour Haden leaves it. The lectures will be given on a system which has proved popular in England. Living artists are the subject, and examples of their work are projected on a screen by lime light, in size some twenty feet by thirty feet. Drawings, etchings, engravings in different states, and other art-productions are also used as illustrations. Mr. Henry Blackburn is well known in London as the editor of "Academy Notes," and has lectured with success in various parts of England.

## MISS ANDERSON IN LONDON. AS "PAULINE" AT THE LYCEUM - THE

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. ]

LONDON, October 29.
"This," said an eminent critic, "is what for twenty-five years I have been trying to write down." In its blunt terseness the sentence expresses the general critical view of Miss Anderson's acting in "The Lady of Lyons," You will find it much softened in print. Nobody likes to say hard things of a lady, and there are many things which anybody, even a critic, finds it easy and right to say in praise of Miss Anderson. But it is certain that, to the critical eye, she appears as the exponent of a school which it had been fondly hoped passing away. The school is sufficiently described by the words artificial, stagey, stilted, and other analogous terms. Miss Anderson may perhaps be content to know that the critics discover in her and in her acting charms enough to atone for her revival of this antiquated method. She may be still better satisfied with the verdict of her Lyceum audience on Saturday night. Her reception, which was cordial at the beginning, became enthusiastic at the end; or, at least, at the end of the fourth act, and nobody would dispute that the evening was, as a whole, a triumph for her.

What is said of Miss Anderson's Pauline in the press varies more or less in plainness, but nearly every journal of note agrees in looking upon this lady as the interpreter of a form of dramatic art which must be called old-fashioned. "Miss Anderson's choice of the part of Pauline," says The Times, to follow that of Parthenia, would seem to denote her possession of an artistic temperament, or of a range of faculty not very closely adapted to the notions of the present generation of play-goers, on this side of the Atlantic at least, whatever may be the case on the other." The conclusion this writer draws is sharply stated: "We are thus confronted with an evident determination on Miss Anderson's part to avoid measuring herself against exponents of the method of art most in favor at the present day." And be regrets that an American actress of the first rank and aspiring to take a leading position on the English stage should condemn herself to a line of character now obsolete. Then follows this passage:

The fact is the more regrettable that in this new The fact is the more regretiance that in this new Pauline there are occasionally truthful touches showing up through the artificiality of the char-acter; a gleam here and there of spontaneous feel-ing whenever deep tenderness, pathos, or scorn has not to be depicted, suggesting possibilities of a more convincing method of art, were the actress at her energies. There is no scene in which Miss Anderson quite rises to expectation. She never rouses sympathy with her wrongs, so that her rage and shame, effectively as they are expressed by great mobility of feature and variety of gesture, appear somewhat gratuitous, while in the fourth act her revulsion of feeling in favor of her now loyal and self-sacrificing husband, the base deceiver of acts second and third, is somehow wanting in plansibility, the result being that the interest of the last act droops, if it does not altogether die out.

And I fancy the most impressionable of Miss

Anderson's admirers would agree that " in spite of a highly cultivated and finished style, she never gets at the heart of her audience, never lifts them up or carries them away, never throws any true tenderness into her love or any soul into her passion, but remains from first to last an eloquent and slightly affected young lady, with a ready disposition to invite applause and to repay it with a smile.

One extract from The Daily News will justify shat I have said of the readiness of the English dramatic writer to recognize what there is most attractive in Miss Anderson's gifts and capacities;

No lady more richly endowed with natural gifts, without which histrionic genius must struggle in vain, has come to our stage within the memory of play-goers. Personal grace or beauty of feature vill not of course make a great actress; but be ades these not inconsiderable advantages, Miss on possesses a countenance quick to reflect ting shades of thought and feeling through the fleeting shades of thought and feeling through-out a wide range. Lastly, she has that most prec-ions of all the possessions of an actress, a voice musi-cal and flexible enough for lighter utterances, yet not deficient in that peculiar grave and tender note which goes to the heart of the listener in pathetic

But this same sympathetic eulogist agrees with his sterner colleague that there was a lack of a firm hold upon the sentiment and pathos of the play. If we turn to The Daily Telegraph we find Mr. Clement Scott writing thus:

Mr. Clement Scott writing thus:

Miss Anderson once more shows what a good actress she is, and we say actress advisedly, for she never ceases to act from the moment when she takes the applause with her eyes to the time when she bows her final thanks for compliments received. She is wholly experienced in the mechanism of her art. She knows how to use an intelligent face and expressive features; her voice is wholly under control and of splendid volume; her attitudes are uniformly graceful; she appreciates the value of claiming the central position in the picture; she has power unquestionably, and a pretty method that passes for pathos; while her personal attractions are appreciated by few more than by the lady that makes such good stage use of them. But when we come to Miss Mary Anderson the artist, as distinct from the clever actress, we are bound to consider her Pauline as it struck those who were not carried away by the force of her stentorian tenes or the successful attack of well-known theat-rical points.

And the conclusion of Mr. Clement Scott is in th same vein with the summaries I have already quoted. Miss Anderson was a graceful and pretty lady acting at love-making,-a cleverly-schooled Pauline who had been taught to a nicety the various points of a scene of theatrical clap-trap, not a woman who stirred deep sympathies. The play might have seemed to be acted, says Mr. Clement Scott, by a provincial company dating back some twenty-five years,-and all the interven

ing history of dramatic art in England blotted out. It may, perhaps, be said that dramatic criticism in England has gone a little faster than public opinion. Public opinion as represented by the audience-and it was a very good audience-at the Lyceum on Saturday, was on Miss Anderson's side. People were not deeply moved, but they were interested. Nobody was disposed to cry over Pauline's woes, but everybody admired the way in which Miss Anderson were her gowns. I think we should have liked to see this pretty woman let herself go once or twice, but that pleasure was denied us. We had, instead, every delight that could be given by graceful posing and expressive gesture, and by the music of an agreeable voice; -all these put at the service

and as artificial as the method employed by Miss Anderson to delineate it. Between what is artificial and what is artistic, there is a divergence of which this accomplished young actress has yet to measure the full extent. Her defects, however, are chiefly defects of training, while her talents and capacities are her own. Moreover, Miss Anderson found herself in the position of having to play Pauline to a Claude Melnotte who is simply impos sible. The burly vigor of Mr. J. H. Barnes might be of service in other characters. As the lover of Pauline, he was what he has been justly called by English critics, a ponderous and ludicrous mistake.

A first-night audience at the Lyceum has long been reckoned the best which London can produce. That which greeted Miss Anderson, although Americans were numerous, was less rich in celebrities of various kinds than has sometimes been seen. But it included the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, accompanied by Prince Louis of Bat tenberg and attended by Colonel Clarke, occupied what is called the royal box. Their interest in the theatre is well known, and their presence at some early performance of every important piece may be expected with certainty. Both the Prince and Princess had seen Miss Anderson in "Ingomar shortly after their return from the Continent; with a degree of interest which they had signified at the time and which proved keen enough to induce them to witness her first appearance as Pauline, I have not mentioned the Prince of Wales among the critics. I suppose he would be the first to disclaim the title, but his experience in the dramatic world is wide enough to make his opinion a valuable one, irrespectively of the social weight which any opin-

ion from such a source carries in London. At the end of the third act the Prince sent for an American whom he knew, who was among the audience. Attached to the royal box is a small drawing-room, and here it was that the Prince received

his visitor. "I thought," said His Royal Highness, "that ye might like to know how delighted the Princess and I are with Miss Anderson's acting. We saw her as Parthenia and admired her and now we think her nore charming than ever as Pauline."

To which the American answered that he was sure there was nobody whose good opinion would be more prized in America than that of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Then the Prince continued: "You know we should be sure to like her because she is an American but if she were not, we should still call her a capital actress."

Without undertaking to repeat verbatim the rest of the talk, I may say that the Prince went on to point out what he thought the best in Miss Anderson's acting. He spoke also of the visit of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry to the United States. "I hope," said the Prince, "they will find as many friends and admirers there as they have left behind them in England."

Just then the door of the little drawing-roo opened, and on the threshold appeared a vision of white leveliness known to Englishmen as the Princess of Wales. The Princess spoke of Miss Anderson in words nearly the same as those which the Prince had first used; adding gracefully and graciously that it was a pleasure to say so to one of Miss Anderson's countrymen. And that, I think, was all of this conversation which concerns the American public. So much of it as I have given was, it may be presumed, meant to be given, and if the criticisms quoted earlier in this letter are too barsh, will serve to redress the balance. G. W. S.

THE HAND-ORGAN BUILDER'S ROMANCES. A GRINDER WHO MADE A FORTUNE-AN INDEX OF TASTE-THE PRENCH GIRL.

The organ builder with coat and waistcoat laid side was busily at work when a TRIBUNE reporter called on a recent afternoon. Hand-organs in various stages of completion stood upon the benches which ran about the room. On a high shelf were piled fifteen or twenty Instruments which had long ago ceased to be useful to

I believe I am the only hand organ manufacturer in this country," said the builder, as he lit his little black pipe and blew a cloud of smoke from his lips; "I have en here on this corner for twenty-seven years. long time to stick to one place, isn't it ! But our business isn't what it used to be,"- and the organ builder shook his head as the profits of former years arose before his mind; " our trade is fast going to the dogs. The demand for street hand-organs has fallen off 30 or 40 per cent within ten or fifteen years. People have got sick and tired of the music, and offer no excuse for kicking the Italian grinder into the middle of the street when he beomes too demonstrative. See how things have changed since I first began to make organs. For many years Italian immigrants monopolized the organ-grinding business. When the war closed, disabled soldiers became their rivals and beat them on their own ground. Now or dragging organs about the streets. It is noticeable, modest young person. did years ago. People do not now throw dollar bills around loosely as they did in flush days. A hand-organ was then a wonder worth seeing and hearing; now a felow wouldn't go around the corner to look at the instrunent, much less to hear it."

"Do you know of any street organists who have suc ceeded in making fortunes in the business I" asked the reporter.

Yes, several," replied the builder. "I remember on in particular. He started off in the spring with his organ and did not return till late in the winter. During this time he had travelled as far west as the Mississippi River and northward to Quebec. On that trip alone he made \$2,500. He was badly frost-bitten while in Canada, and swore on that account that he would never go into that binated region again, and he didn't. He took the money he had made for several years and invested it in hand-organs; he opened a store and sold his instruments at a good margin. In a few years he had amassed a large

ortune. "Hand-organs, the street variety," continued the unider, "cost all the way from \$25 to \$125. Concert rgans, such as are used in drinking shops, halfs and raveiling shows, bring all the way from \$2,500 to 25,000. Some of these are as complete in the number.

\$25,000. Some of these are as complete in the humor of instruments they represent as an orchestra or a full band. They contain piccolos, flutes, clarinets, cornets, baritones, bases, triangles, drums and eymbals."
"Does your business extend outside of New-York i"
"Oh yes. I send organs to South America, Central America, Mexico, Spain, the West Indies, and a dozen other places. My trade in the United States is of course the largest." other places. My trade in the United States is of course the largest."
"Are the organs which you send out of New-York fur-nished with the same class of music as those in use

iere i"
"Not a bit of it," said the builder, with an expansive mile, "the fact is, we have learned by experience that tastes differ in the various sections of the world. The hand-organs which we send to New-England are fur-nished with a fair number of Moody and Sankey hymns nished with a fair number of Moody and Sankey hymna, a waitz or two, and a few popular airs. The South prefers dance music, such as tecis, jigs, waitzes and polkas. The Central States and the West want airs from 'Pinarore,' 'Patience,' 'Mascot,' and other light operas. Lively songs which have made a hit at the theatres here in New-York are also in demand. Among the latest of these are 'Peck-a-Boo,' 'Sweet Violeta,' Wait till the clouds roll by,' and musical sketches from 'MeSorley's Inflation,' and 'Muddy Day,' Emmet's songs are also popular. Spaniards and Mexicans take special delight in fandangoes, minuets and similar music, so the organs which we send to them are furnished entirely with such nicess. The song 'Home, Sweet Home' is a favoritie in pieces. The song 'Home, Sweet Home 'is a favorite New-England. Airs from the old Italian operas, wh New-England. Airs from the old Hahan operas, which used to be so popular on the streets years ago, are not in demand now. Their day has passed. Writers of music must compose to suit the popular ear if they expect to achieve success. I have found that out from experience, for I am not only a maker of organs, but a maker of tunes also

"How can I tell what the popular pieces are 1 Simply by keeping my ears and eyes wide open. The newsboys and bootblacks catch an air at the theatre, whistle and sing it in the streets. Soon you will hear business men miniming it over on their way down-town. Musle publishers, who are always waiting for a 'hit,' issue it by the thousand copies, and in a short time it has become popular enough to warrant me in putting it into a handorgan. Some of these pieces have a short life, others are always acceptable to the public. "Hand-organs, like people, get tired. They get out of sorts about once in six months even with the best of eare. The owners bring them here "when they become wheezy or out of tune, and we doctor them up."

Here the builder paused for a moment, wheel the perspiration from his brow, and said:
"That organ "pointing to an old worn out instrument on the floor—"has a history worth repeating. Many years ago, soon after I opened this establishment, a young French girl appeared in the streets of New-York as an organ-grinder. She attracted much attention, for she was pretty, modest,—nay, do not smile,—and

years ago, soon after I opened this establishment, a young French girl appeared in the streets of New-York as an organ-grinder. She attracted much attention for she was pretty, modest,—hay, do not smile,—and well-dressed. Sometimes, after playing a tune on the organ, she sang some sweet song she had learned in her home beyond the sea. Well, one day she brought her instrument to me for repairs, and I told her liwould arrange the accompaniment for several of her songs on the organ. She was delighted with my proposition, and when the work was done went away with a happy heart. Her success after that was wonderful, but it did not turn her head. Men on the street respected her and treated her courteously; rough fellows some of them were, too. The money which was showered in upon her was not spent extravagantly, but was put away in a Howery bank. She had many suitors, but none were successful in winning her heart. One day a bronzed young man from the West saw her, fell in love with her. In time he proposed, was accepted, and finally married her. I never saw the girl after that. A few years later a man brought the organ she used to play, to me for repairs. He said he had bought it at auction for \$10. I told him what it would cost to have it repaired and he went away. He never returned, and there the organ has stood for hearly twenty years. I sometimes wish it would speak and tell me what became of its mistrees, but the pipes are broken, the cylinder crooked, and its voice forever allegal."

## BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS. THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-

WAY LOUNGER.
Monsignor Capel went last week with Mr. Eugene Kelly to see the painting and engraved head of Christ in the lat-ter's Temple Court Building, by William Edgar Marshall. M. Capel said it was the most striking and novel head of the founder of his faith he had ever seen, and desired to come again, when the lights had been better adjusted-Instead of the usual fair-haired Christ with blue eyes and albino eye-lashes, the American artist has made a black or dark-eyed man with full dark beard and hair, his eyes poised like two suns upon the horizon, and full of inward light, as if grace, confidence, beauty and health had all sen given him to impress the world. The painting Mr Marshall first made is probably ten feet square, and was conceived and begun many years ago. By its side the artist in solitary vigil made the line engraving, alabor of about three years. The engraved plate is probably three feet by two.

A Western railroad manager made the remark to me: If the Lake Shore management had been wise it would bave taken all the business from and to the East on equal terms with the New-York Central, expedited all impartially, and filled the four tracks of the Canada Southern, Lake Shore and Michigan Central, with ever moving freight, thus keeping the Grand Trunk, its one great enemy, away from New-York City."

The prevalence of Mr. Blaine in this country is seen in the great space he occupies in the minds of uneasy and unsuccessful men, who have been compelled to leave public life to engage in predatory or Bohemian pursuits, as the law and paragraphing. Some of these mix him unconsciously in their legal arguments, others in their editorial sleep-walkings, like the Lady of Cawdor and Glamis, who was yet more troubled after the killing of the king because General Banquo lived and was the subject of predictions. Solaced by a pen natural to his hand, on whose nibs return the dreams of literary youth, the statesman roves backward in delightful reminiscence, like Milton in the Restoration, blinded with ecstatic light, amidst themes which would not permit him to be aware that the Duke of York was succeing in the little from partor.

Fedora, M. Sardou's last piece, which Miss Davenport studied and obtained in Paris, is much coveted by Clara Morris, as almost as much written for her emotional qualities as for Bernhardt's. Plays with the cold, intel omniscience and providential particularity of Sardou's always bring, I notice, a better quality of women to see them, 'han the giddy professional playgoers new pieces as they read reprint novels, with a grad \_.l softening of the spinal cord.

All things expected come by padence; the money for Washington's statue was slowly raised but the marble already tells the tale. So will it be with the Frenchman's vision of a Pharos of Freedom in this chief gateway of North America. Mr. Ward's opportunities coming as great as Crawford's; if this statue portrays Washington well it should go down to posterity like Crawford's Freedom on the dome of the Capitol. The loss of Mr. Crawford's casts by negligence and fire at Mount Saint Vincent chapel was a greater loss to native education on this island than if the whole Cesnola collection and all that Feuardent expects to sell were destroyed together. Mr. Allison Naylor, the livery stable keeper at when he drove me around Mr. Ward's equestrian statue of General Thomas, that the hind legs of the horse were much longer than the front legs, and that if the anima were standing on a level its hams would be hunchbacked.

Speaking of horses, Mr. Naylor told me that when the ssassin Booth's companion, Herold, was in jail at Washington Judge Holt allowed the question to be asked him what had become of Mr. Naylor's horse hired to Herold. He replied that Booth had shot both the horses and con cealed them in Zekiah Swamp.

"Sunset" Cox stigmatized the Internal Revenue sys tem as that of bandits, spies, etc. He was formerly the law partner of Charlton T. Lewis in profitable practice before Mr. Lewis's father, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Representative-elect Dorsheimer, while United States District-Attorney for the western portion of New-York, prosecuted a whiskey man whom his ather, the Collector of Internal Revenue, had pounced upon. The seizures and fines went up into the hundred thousands. Dorsheimer appeared before Commissioner Lewis: the opposite counsel were Lewis and Cox. De ch ion for defendant.

"A special session of the State Senate may be called

George Vanderbilt youngest son of William H., the Sagamore, was twenty-one years of age during the week past, and received two millions and a half of dollars, of which one-fifth was accumulated earnings on the grandfather's legacy of two millions. Mr. James McHenry gave the young man the set of chess-men Napoleon Bonsporte used at Saint Helena-his last army to be se in motion-and the chess-board on which the freshly dissected heart of the Emperor was placed. George Vanthere are all sorts of men and women engaged in lugging | derbilt has literary and newspaper inclinations and is a

> dr years old. He has a large pair of brown eyes and a lover of literature and the arts. Both Irving and Ellen Terry called on him. He was one of the first patrons of Bierstadt. He visited New York City first in 1823. When William H. Vanderbilt called Mr. McHenry recollected when his mother came on the steamboat at New Brunswick and brought Mr. McHenry his meal.

> The only persons I can find of the old city following of General Arthur who adhere to him are Murphy, Lydecker and Wheeler. Lydecker has as polished manners as General Arthur. Murphy is a man without vindictive ness and of a simple nature. Wheeler is a grown-up boy.

> Henry M. Stanley, employed by the King of the Belgians, enjoys finally self-respect. In the effort to repeat s feat and let no individual have any credit for it, a band of gallant men were sacrificed to meanness of spirit and the United States made a stool-pigeon.

Mr. Cohen, the attorney who went home to California last week, says Mr. Huntington is worth \$60,000,000 and wants no more railroads. The loss of his wife, like the recent loss of Mr. John W. Garrett's wife, is an irredaceable one in the brambly paths of old age. Mr. Garett leaned much upon his wife; his domestic life was ender. Riches cannot replace those dear old wives who have grown so deeply into the tree that the eye can see the graft. Then comes one blossom all th better forth: piety.

When Charles II, offered a fat thing to the Earl of Clar ondon, his brother's father-in-law, and Clarendon refused t lest his motives might be impugned by the courtiers, the King observed: "What a fool! He would rather be pitied than envied." So if one is pestered in any walk of life let him accept envy and leave pity to be as Provi dence wills. I observe that only the very successful men are perfectly abused.

Henry Grady, Henry Watterson and Sweet, the Texas humorist, are the only Southern Journalists of general recognition since the war.

Howard Paul, whose family name is Howard, sailed resterday for London. He married an actress at the Haymarket Theatre and created for her and himself an entertainment which brought him \$80,000. He was ern in Philadelphia and went to see the London Exhibition of 1851. Speaking to me of a celebrated char acter, Mr. Paul said: "At sixty-two to have neither money, a friend, nor one's own wife, is that success? God give none of it to me!"

Bonaventure paid \$4,000 in Paris for a handful of bindings. He bought from the Musée Française the copper plates of Eisen's engravings for La Fontaine, which been forgotten, and were above 100 years old, and there was loud envy thereat among the French dealers who knew not about them. Germany he found poor in books and prints. Historical prints are becoming scarce, espe cially portraits.

"This country is getting into a deuce of a state," says Simpkins, "when one party has to nominate a Vice-President and the other a paralytic to rule over it."

Poets stop me at the twilight hour on Broadway and say: "Lincoln and Hamlin; that is the ticket!"
"Which Hamlin?" "The son of Hannibal-General Hamlin," said I. "It reminds me too much of the marriage Charles II. once proposed to Frances Cromwell, the Protector's daughter; the force was all in the lady."

It was a rather graceful tribute from a sporting paper for Mr. E. A. Buck to remember the President's fishing joys, and thereupon to renominate him. Mr. Buck carefully calls his paper The Spirit of The Times, being a fastidious gentleman, and he apparently remembers the injunction, when he pets the President, of "He who spares the rod will spoil a child."

Green-room talk is that Niblo's Garden is drawing the

making \$60,000 a year. Daiy's holding its record well. Wallack profiting between two theatres, although only receiving fifteen per cent from the Star, and Jefferson making money. I hear that during the week ground wa bought for yet another new theatre somewhere up Eighthave., about Thirty-fourth-st. The Bijou Theatre will pro-

duce Judge Gedney's comic opera, I hear. The actor in the midst of a Shakespercan revival was saying: "Nor poppy nor mandragoranor all the drowsy syrups of the world," when the old advertising agent awoke from his deep and general nap, and exclaimed: Charge 30 cents a line ! "

Hearing Gerster sing Martha, I looked over the great au dience and thought: "How democratic is art! It is for ever stooping from the social heights to reveal the universality of love and the oneness of all people. Here are two farmers at the fair finding a queen's companions and making them unhappy of their station. In Faust the powers of hell and the austerity of learning inflame before the simple beauty of a peasant girl. In Troratore faith lies among the gypsys. We least of people, perhaps, per ceive that the higher in money or fashion we may go, the nearer come admonitions of democracy, like the most earthy birds, the lark and the vulture, which are the highest when we go up in balloons.

If a man could write a play in the United States he would at a great disadvantage. In one theatre the order is, 'Produce nothing American; we cannot try any exper iments." Some call this "the leading American theatre, because it never is American any more than Major André was when he adapted the Mischianza in Philadelphia, and became the first patriotic manager. Toward the end André had one homely Western "ring-down." Above six or eight characters are grudged to a native playwright; in Sardou's piece are twenty-two. He is allowed to give the whole interior life of a Russian police office; four fifths of his characters are not conclusive or necessary ones; he takes no note of the scruples of managers; th artist he creates for and his mind and the world are the three unities he sees. We are suffering for the sins of our forefathers; we are condemned to be fed on the husks of Europe, and looking in the mirror of the stage see not ourselves, because we cheated the brains of

McKee Rankin, a friend tells me, is named McKee, and was a gentleman's son in Canada. He will receive \$500 a week for about forty weeks from the Union Square Theatre, and his own pretty theatre on Third-ave. is said to be drawing \$1,000 a night gross. A few years ago it was solemnly proclaimed around the Union Square corners that because he had taken a play not belonging to the high mightinesses there and starred the country with it he "could never play in New-York again." But nobody keeps the key of New-York. Talent will return like Coriolanus to Rome, either in necessity or rage, and cartiffs will meet it at the gate and fall at its feet.

Colonel Thomas Picton says that Niblo's old Garden, on the site of the Metropolitan Hotel, was the villa of Charles Henry Hall, a racing man, whose stables of shingle and glass stretched a whole square along Crosby-st., while his residence was a double-brick mansion with gable roof and great dormers. On the Prince-st, side lived in an humble villa Bishop Hobart, Bishop Dubois and ex-President James Monroe. Broadway ramblers went no further out into the country than this spot. Niblo, the proprietor of a coffee-house in Pine-st., leased the place during a yellow fever summer and it became the Mount St. Vincent res taurant of that day. Niblo sent up bulloons with an aeronaut imported by his neighbor, Citizen Genet. Niblo subsequently erected large pavilions there and established an omnibus line to his Garden.

Mr. Charles H. Shelley tells me that the Mr. Conway who played with Forrest in 1826, and whom Macready desired to see succeed in America, was not F. B. Conway the father of Minnie Conway, but an English actor who committed suicide when returning to his native country. F. B. Conway came to this country about 1849 and spent the rest of his life here. He was a good actor and could play Macbeth and the best tragic parts, and his only failing was conviviality.

I saw John Owens on the street yesterday, a merry eyed man in private intercourse. He lives at Towson town, a suburb of Baltimore, and his wife was from the eastern shore of Marvland. Some think he has lost pot tions of the largest actor's fortune in America by recent bad investments, but his smile does not reveal it. He was a druggist's clerk in Philadelphia originally.

As I looked at General Fremont last Wednesday after noon at the marriage reception of his youngest son and of Mr. John D. Townsend's daughter, I reflected that youth s better than an outlit. Nearly forty-three years ago be ran away with Benton's daughter, a very poor second lieutenant, with neither aristocracy nor inheritance. The bride was sixteen, a year younger than his own mother had been when she made her first unhappy marriage with "Majah" Pryor. The "Majah" afterwards married his housekeeper. His successor was a poor French gentleman, an enthusiast Sout the American Indians, who had subsisted himself by teaching a school at Norfolk, and so Fremont was born with an enthusiasm, poverty, and a mother. Yet which of Benton's children married so well as she who married nothing? Fremont is of the school-teacher class, like the Adamses, Seward and Garfield. He carried a chain forty-six years ago on a railroad in mountain Carolina and Georgia. Three great distinctions his: Conqueror of California to the Republic, fir Senator from California, first candidate of the Republican party for President, a party now a quarter of a century in continuous control of the greatest Caucasian nation on

General Fremont is really poor. He lives on Staten Island and has no income, although some of his friends have been kind to him. These think that Congress ought to give him the pay he was receiving when by Frank Blair's political influence he was removed for taking the very step toward negroes that the Government afterward took, of using them against the public enemy. Senator-elect Randall Gibson, of Louisiana, is a relative of Mrs. Fremont, as are the Prestons. He and General Preston, of Kentucky, were both at the wedding of Francis Preston Fremont. The young groom's brother is in the navy and has a sister. The bride's family are of the Oyster Bay Townsends originally Massachusetts people driven to Long Island for their Quaker sympathies. The Pennsylvania family of the same nam came later and were also Quakers. The Virginia Townsends came earliest of all, yet were driven out of Vir ginta for Quakerism into Maryland. The Irish Towaends were of Cromwell's officers, and Roger, who suc ceeded Wolfe, after the latter's death on the Heights of Abraham, was probably of this stock. Mrs. Fremont

General Grant, Mayor Edson, President H. J. Jewett and James G. Fish, whom some talk of as the coming Democratic candidate for Mayor, went to Rochester and Buffalo last Thursday in Mr. Jewett's car, to be gone till Monday. Secretary Folger has been Mr. Fish's guest during the week.

has a sister in Philadelphia, a Mrs. Jones.

Judge Fitch, long Register in Bankruptcy here, lays down the proposition that either party which nominates a New-York man will be defeated in the Presidential election. He says the factions in New-York will pull any State candidate to pieces; that tens of thousands of men who voted against Folger are itching for the chance to vote against Arthur, and that the young leaders of the old Arthur machine here are all against him for slights and conceits except De Witt C. Wheeler. The latter will all work manfully, he says, for an outside man like General Sherman, who, Judge Fitch says, cannot hold out against a flood-tide nomination. I suggested Judge Noah Davis as a New-York candidate, but It did not receive the Judge's tall indorsement.

I met Scnator Daniel Voorhees and his son at the Grand Hotel last Wednesday. Said I: " They tell me you made a fine argument for Hallet Kilbuurn in his suit for false imprisonment against the Sergeant-at-Arms." Mr. Voorhees said : "Mr. Kilbourn will always get damages from an honest jury, however often the courts compel him to try his case. No Government that is honest can break its own laws. Imprisoning a citizen for standing by the right the Government gave him is nothing but punishing a man for doing his duty. The law to him was: 'Maintain your papers against unlawful seizure." tried to be the robber and break it. Juries will compel officers false to their trust from the people to pay the damage."

Ex-Mayor Ely has grown so near-sighted that he cannot see across a street car.

George H. Butler, "Ben's" nephew, has said some goo things, among others: " A newspaper man is like a partridge: never shot at till he rises." After an affray at New-Orleans in which George's head was injured so that he was deciared by physicians liable to become imbecile, his uncle "Ben" with tears in his eyes, said: "George, what can you do with your brain softened and your mind Said George, without a smile: "I can write editorials for The New-York Herald."

Jimmy O'Brien takes his defeat nonchalantly. Had he ceured the assistance of Mr. Louis Jennings, for whom he once had the Ring vouchers copied, he might have cut some figure in the campaign. Jimmy was the original best with its new places, the Grand (Pike's) Opera House | barrel opener-flour barrels for his Celtic followers. As

William R. Roberts used to say in Congress: "My constituents are very proud of me."

TICKET SPECULATORS.

MR. IRVING'S MANAGER THINKS HE COULD DEFEAT THEM-A BOX-OFFICE MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

The, by this time, well-known suit of the Kiralfy Brothers against Messrs. Poole and Gilmore has urned once more the current of theatrical chat upon the to ket speculating system. Mr. Irving has been express-ing himself with warmth as being opposed to it, and as being annoyed at the extent to which his own receipts have suffered by the evil. "It is disgraceful," said his manager, Mr. Loveday, "and I am convinced that if I were in business here I could find some means of circumventing the rascals within two months. Here are Mr. Abbey and ourselves who are risking a small fortune, and spending an immense amount of money in bringing over large company. If our season is successful, these fellows, who have risked not one single cent, grab all the profits, while if it is a failure they lose a very small amount, if any."

"You may talk as you will about circumventing them," said Mr. Palser, Mr. Abbey's treasurer, who was standing by, "but you could never do it. Now I fancy I know something about it, as I sold the tickets for the Bernhardt and Langtry engagements, both of which were patronized very largely by these scoundrels. I was naturally anxious to get ahead of them, as it is always the man in the box-office who is accused of being in ague with the speculators. Well, I must confess that they were one too many for me. They were too smart to come themselves, for, though I was bound to sell them the maximum number of tickets allowed to any single purchaser, I could 'do' them by giving them poor seats. I used to get notes written on hotel-paper and signed 'so and so, Clerk.' Of course I sent the seats, thinking they were for guests of the hotel. Then I got suspicious and followed the messenger boys. Sure enough, in every case a speculator was waiting for the answer, cooling his case a speculator was waiting for the answer, cooling his heels in the hotel-office. What could I do I Then notes would come from Brooklyn, telegrams from Jersey Cily and places round about, and I had to send the tickets asked for, though I suspected they were for speculators. Why, I have myself been asked, as I passed some theatre, to step in and buy some tickets by a plausible fellow banging round the door. This is a well-known dodge of theirs, and generally successful."

"But they are not allowed to peddle them at the theatre doors."

"No, they are supposed to keep five feet away, but that is all nonsense. We can't keep them out of the vestibule."

"Where are the police, then I" "Where are the police I "That's just the question. Where are the police I They won't touch them and I suppose are hand in glove with them. The only thing to be done is to have a stringent law passed, such as is in force in some other cities, prohibiting the speculating in tickets under any circumstances."

ircumstances."
As the reporter passed through the lobby of the Star fluentre, where this conversation took place, he found arthur Wallack inveighing against the speculators to Mr.

Arthur wallack in volume and all we can," said he. "I, representing the governor, Moss and Palmer, went down and begged the Mayor to refuse to license them, but it was all to no purpose. I think the best thing to do now is to do as Gilmore does, and try and benefit ourselves by letting out the privilege, or else get the Mayor to make the licenso fee prohibitory."

fee prohibitory."
"You can at least keep them out of your vestibule !"
"No, you can't. And the public support them. Why,
my father once stepped up to a man who was buying
from a speculator and warned him against the fellow.
He was politely bidden to go to Hades" A FISH DINNER FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

THE EX-ALDERMAN BIDS HIS FRIEND VISIT FULTON MARKET.

"You here again," said the man with the red nustache to the politician, as they met in the cheap catng-house near the Post-Office. "Why, I supposed that the elections had done your business, and that you could afford to live on the fat of the land. I never expected to meet you here again, dining on corned beef and ears, with a five-cent supplement of pic." The politician grouned. "The elections have done my business, and no mistake," he said. "There is a patch of blue in my sky, however, and the prospect of better times takes away my appetite for the corned beef, and I find myself onging for a more varied diet. This economy doesn't suit me, anyhow, and I courses that all the time I am eating this man's beef and drinking his coffee I am wishing it was broiled partridge and Pommery Sec. I long for fish, too."

"Well, Alderman," said the other, " why don't you have fish, then ! There is nothing cheaper or better in New York than fish, and if your finances are equal to this place they will stand the strain of a fish dinner. I know a halcyon place where we can get large plates of baked lucfish for 15 cents, and a glass of cider for 5 cents. How does that prospect strike the Apician ideas of an ex-Alderman !" "Favorably, most favorably. But don't you consider broiled bluefish better than baked ! It eems to me so." "So to me too," answered the redmustached man, "but broiled bluefish is 25 cents, and my vow, registered in heaven's highest court of chancery, limits my dinner expenses, except on Sundays, to the modest but sufficient sum of 20 cents. I do not know if the blue in your horizon warrants you in a larger expenditure, but if it does not, and you are willing to acept my pilotage, let us make a break for the door, and eave before one of the walters comes to gather our

The two impecunious but critical gourmets turned down Fulton st., and as they neared the market the former municipal flambeau began to get agitated. "Look here," he said, " aren't you making a mistake. the price of bluetish in the market, and And besides, I owe a trifle in two of the places here, and I think I will part company with you right " I am not piloting you to the market, Alderman, o you need not be scared. If I were as rich as Crossus I need not be scared. If I were as rich as Crossus I not be a party to the grasping monopolists who a 40 cents for a piece of bluefish broiled, when the market price is only 6 cents a pound. No, sir. We bout to cross over to the other side of the street, we shall get baked bluefish for the modest sum

retail market price is only 6 cents a pound. No, sir. We are about to cross over to the other side of the street, where we shall get baked bluefish for the modest sum that I stated. Have you any little outstanding account on this side of the way? "No," said the Alderman with a highly relieved countenance. "I don't owe everywhere—at least not yet."

The pair entered an eating-house of neat appearance, where negre waiters were bustling about, where a man with a sweet expression of countenance was basy receiving checks and making change and where rows of people were eating their food with that solerun caserness which distinguishes the American in the act of restoring the spent forces of his system. Seats were found for them at the long centre-table by an eager, smiling darkey whose obsequiousness showed clearly that the system of feeling wanters had crept into the place. Baked bluefish and eider were ordered, and then the two looked at each other. "How little," asked the Alderman, "can a man give to the waiter, and not be considered mean !" "I don't know," said his companion, "and what is more, I don't care. I am not going to give anything, nor need you. Negro waiters love to be tipped. But they are chastened by adversity. Here comes the bluefish. Isn't that a plateful!"

The bluefish was admirably cooked, though the stuffing was of the perfunctory and urselentific kind which in many restaurants in the city does duty for roust duck, roast goose, roast veal, roast matton, roast pork, shad in its season, bluefish or striped bass. The Alderman remarked the fact, but his criticism was ingeniously parried by his companion, who pointed out that it was not obligatory to cat the stuffing, and that without it there was enough bluefish for a plentiful savory meal. It was accepted as an excellent beverage for fish. Then the pair rose to depart, one with a stern look of resolution that betokened his determination not to give a fee. The exallerman was less heroic. After a faint struggle between impocunionsness and the desire t

WOMEN AND LIGHT LITERATURE.

WHAT A WASHINGTON LIBRARIAN SAYS ABOUT THEM, "Is the sale of these books confined to young

"Not a bit of it! The mammas are as fond of light reading as their romantic daughters. I guess if you'd come in here some day and see the books they buy, you'd believe me. It would astendsh you if I should tell you the names of some of our regular customers." Then, be-coming confidential, he leaned over and whispered in the

commit construction that the reporter. "Is that so? Do —t". Then checking himself as he caught his informant's eye. "Oh, I shan't mention it."
"No; pray don't," pleaded the bookworm. "I should never have told you. If their names were to come out,

"No; pray don't," pleaded the bookworm. "I should never have told you. If their names were to come out, they'd never forgive me."

Being assured that he could always trust a reporter with a secret, he went on: "The idea that 'cheap literature is read mostly by shop girls, apprentice boys, and the poorer classes is all wrong. There are women of eature and refinement who buy these books; women who have abundant wealth and nothing to do but to rectine upon their richly upholstered sofas and read. No, they are not shop girls and chamber-maids, but fashbanable women who ride up in their carriage and take away loads of common trashy novels with them. A young lady comes here regularly every week and buys a lot of these books, generally getting three or four written in German, besides several in English—the Seaside publishes in both languages. She is an American, but reads German, and appears to be thoroughly educated and refined, yet she reads an almost unfinited amount of this—trash."

"How many of those books do you sell—say in a week!" asked the reporter.

"We have about two hundred regular lady customers. You couldn't get one of them to read a book written by George Eliot, or by any of the standard authors. Oh, no! But they read these novels and we sell—in a week you sayl—well, in a week I guess we sell from 600 to 800 volumes."

"Don't women ever buy a better class of literature!"

"Don't women ever buy a better class of literature!" "Yes, there are a few spectacled spinsters who come in to buy philosophical and religious works, but these are very few, indeed, and they generally ask for some text books that we don't keep in stock."

"Yes," said the marketman, "Tawmus is mean about some things. Why he's been hunding four times this week. The first day he bought a fox and a brace of ducks from me, and hang me if he hasn, used those same ducks and that fox every day nee!"—

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